

In the Years After

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Summary: Not a completely new idea, but if I decide to write more, it will be a little different. anyway, please r/r!

1. Default Chapter Title

In the Years After

>
 Hermione Granger walked down Diagon Alley, mucking through garbage and slime. She looked around at the drunk wizards and witches, slumped against storefronts.

>
 `Has the world gone so far, that we abuse ourselves like this?` she thought.

>

>
 It had started with the death of Albus Dumbledore, Harry Potter, and many others. They died fighting the Great War, the war between light and dark. All the Dark Wizards were defeated, including Voldemort, but at the loss of so many, almost all wizarding people had given up. They seemed to think that Dark would rise, Light would fight, and both would die, every single time.

>
 Now, 5 years after the end of the War, the wizarding war was a mess. Only a few dedicated witches and wizards, like Hermione, kept it running.

>

>
 Hermione, in her apartment in Muggle London, looked out the window at the prospering muggles.

>
 She thought of Harry.

>
 Hermione and Harry had been in love at the time of his death, and she still mourned his memory.

>
 Harry was the only wizard unaccounted for at the end of the war, but everyone had given up hope that he was alive. He had been a general at the age of 17. He was proclaimed a hero, but everyone was disappointed that he didn't survive.

>

>
 Hermione looked out over the new first-years. She was Headmistress of Hogwarts, taking in any new students that parents bothered to send. She ran Hogwarts ever since Albus Dumbledore died, even though she was but 24. Some Hogwarts teachers had died in the War, but she found replacements.

>
 The traditional Sorting ceremony passed, and Hermione said her speech. She picked at the food before her, and thought of Harry.

>
 Oh, how she missed him. Before he died, they were engaged to be married. Of course, they had to get jobs first, and find a house before they got married, but they were very much in love.

>
 Before he left to fight, his last words to Hermione were, "I'll be back. I love you."

>
 Watching the children eat, Hermione remembered those last moments, savoring the memory.

>

>
 After the feast, Hermione walked down the corridor towards her chambers.

>
 Still thinking of Harry, she sat down on the bench outside her door. She put her head in her hands and began to cry.

>
 "Why do you weep, fair lady?" a strangely familiar voice asked.

>
 Hermione looked up to see a man looking down at her. He had unruly black hair, sparkling green eyes, and a lightning bolt scar in the middle of his forehead.

>
 She jumped up. "Harry!"

>

>
Author's Note: Does anyone like this story/idea? depending on the reviews I get, I might write more.

2. Default Chapter Title

In the Years After p.2

>

>
Hermione's view:

>
 "Harry!" I cried. Harry? Back from the dead? Where are his glasses?

>
 The thought about his glasses was a strange one to be popping into my head when I was seeing someone I thought was 5 years dead standing in front of me.

>
 "Hello, Hermione," he said quietly, his eyes glistening with tears.

>
 "Oh, Harry," I said. We embraced. He squeezed me like he never wanted to let go. "I thought you were dead."

>
 "Almost," he said, pulling back. He smiled at me. His smile wavered, like he had almost forgotten how to, but it was the same old smile. We sat down on the bench.

>
 "Where have you been? Why didn't you come back?" I asked. Tears were in my eyes. I looked at him. He was the same, but different. He was changed, somehow. His eyes seemed too old. He had seen too much, but they still danced. They reminded me of Dumbledore.

>
 "Siberia," he replied. I was startled. "I had amnesia. Dark Curse."

>
 "A Dark Curse gave you full amnesia? It must have been very strong. Do you know who sent it?" I questioned. As I asked these questions, I kept looking at him. I couldn't keep my eyes from him. 5 long years thinking he was dead, and all the time he was in Siberia.

>
 "Voldemort." I shuddered.

>
 "Luckily, I sent a fatal curse at the same time that destroyed him. He couldn't manage any fatal curses, so he sent amnesia so I would forget about killing him." Suddenly he broke down, crying. "Oh, Hermione, how I missed you! Even Voldemort couldn't make me forget that I had loved. I knew it deep in my heart, all the time. I just

didn't fully remember!"

>
 I pulled him into my eyes and started to cry to. "I missed you too. I missed you very much. But it wasn't your fault! You must never believe that!" At my words, Harry straightened up and smiled at me through his tears. I dried his eyes and mine with the hem of my robe. He smiled again.

>
 I smiled back, and we kissed. We kissed once, then drew back. We looked at each other, and kissed again. We kissed for a long time.

>
 We we broke off, Harry suddenly asked, "What happened to Ron?"

>
 My long face must have told him the answer. He started mumbling.

>
 "No, no. Not Ron! Ron was too strong, too smart. He was great with strategical fighting. He couldn't have died!" One, lone tear, rolled down his cheek.

>
 "Harry." He looked up. "Ron died a hero. He saved Snape's life by diving in front of him when a curse was thrown his way."

>
 "Snape?" Harry asked. I knew he was thinking of Snape's treatment of us through school.

>
 "Yes. As you know, he was never really evil, and he joined our side in the War. Ron was protecting him while he killed Pettigrew."

>
 "Snape killed Pettigrew?" Harry asked.

>
 "Yes."

>
 We were quiet for a while, then Harry spoke again. "We have a lot to catch up on."

>
 "Yeah." I agreed. Suddenly, my strange thought hit me again. "Harry, what happened to your glasses?"

>
 Harry grinned. "Muggle contacts. Siberia isn't as backwards in some areas as most people think." I laughed.

>
 Author: R/R!

3. Default Chapter Title

In the Years After p.3

>
Hermione's view:

>
 Harry has only been back for a month, and already things are turning around in the wizarding world. When people learned that Harry wasn't dead after all, they seemed to take on new attitudes. They are changing their lives. The world is being cleaned up and things are becoming more and more like before. Diagon Alley is clean and shops are re-opening. Knockturn Alley is deserted.

>
 As for Harry and me, we have renewed our engagement. A date has been set, and we are very happy together. We will be officially married on June 1. It is now February 9. Everyone at Hogwarts has given us their good wishes.

>

>
 Harry and I were in Diagon Alley, eating ice cream outside Madam Malkin's (The shop had been reopened and Madam Malkin's daughter was running it). We were laughing over something silly when an owl flew by. It dropped a note on our table. Curious, Harry picked it up. He opened it up and we both looked at it.

>
It Read:

>
Harry Potter

>
I am pleased that you did not die in the war, and that you have returned to the wizarding war. The reason I am so very pleased that you did not die, is because I will now have the pleasure of killing you myself, especially as you lured my son onto your side.

>
-Lucius Malfoy
>

>
 We were both frightened. "Lucius Malfoy, alive?" Harry mumbled. I looked around nervously. I had good reason to, for suddenly, a large hole was blown in the wall, and in stepped a figure I recognized.
>
 "Lucius!"

4. Default Chapter Title

In the Years After p.4

>
Harry's view:
>
 "Lucius!"
>
 I called out his name, as if subconsciously thinking that if he was identified, he would just fade away into nothing. But, subconscious thinking or not, he remained standing, sneering maliciously as ever. Shoppers fled to the safety of the shops.
>
 "Hello, Potter. Ready to meet your parents?" Lucius smirked.

>
 The jibe about my parents stirred me to action. I cast the first spell. It was the first spell that popped into my head. "Tickleious!" I cried. Lucius suddenly started laughing and dancing around.
>
 "::giggle: : A ::guffaw:: tickling spell, ::heehee:: Potter? ::snicker:: Is that ::chortle:: the best ::giggle:: you ::snort:: can do?" Lucius sneered in between laughs. He cast the countercharm and stopped laughing. He suddenly cast his first spell. "Fatalius!"

>
 An extremely powerful curse, fatalius causes a giant blue ball of fire that causes everything living thing it touches to die to appear. The caster can throw it anywhere they would like, but the ball quits after one impact.
>
 Lucius threw it at me, but I dodged to the side just in time. The ball slammed into the ice cream shop behind them. I saw the plant placed next to the door disintegrate.
>
 Preferring not to think on what would have happened to me if I had been hit, I cast the next spell. I used fairly simple spells that kept Lucius distracted, waiting for my chance. Lucius was stupid, casting fatal spell after fatal spell, wasting his strength. Finally, exhausted, Lucius gave up.
>
 "I'll get you next time, Potter!" he yelled as he used his last strength to apparate.
>
 Balancing my need to see if Hermione was alright against the need to chase Lucius, I picked Hermione. Spotting her in a corner, looking as if she had been desperate to help, but didn't know how, I ran over.
>
 "Are you all right?" we both asked as I can close. We started to laugh and kept laughing for a while. Then we sobered up, thinking of Lucius.
>
Author's Note: I should end this in one or two more parts! btw- I need comments on my technique. I want to improve it, but don't know how. Help!

5. Default Chapter Title

In the Years After p.5

>
Harry's view:

>
 Lucius did his best to unnerve us, and it worked. He left his name plastered all over houses and shops across the world. He broke into ministry buildings and left his 'calling card', a green lightning bolt. The dark arts were rising again, but I knew that if Lucius was taken, the dark would be forever crushed. I waited for him to make his attack. It came precisely three weeks after the last attack.

>

>
 Hermione and I were walking in the 'Pheonix', which is a wizarding theme park. We were walking down a quietish part, trying to forget about Lucius just this once and have a good time. This was what Lucius wanted, however.

>
 We had finally semi-settled down when we were startled by an explosive arrival. A burst of smoke, and Lucius stepped into view.

>
 "Good evening," he sneered. "Having a good time?" Obviously not wanting to wait, Lucius called out his spell.

>
 "Serpensortia!" he cried. I almost laughed. The snake came shooting out.

>
 "Hello," I called to the snake. The snake and Lucius both looked startled. This made them look remarkably alike. "Your son must never have told you! I'm a Parselmouth!"

>
 "Go attack him," I ordered the snake. He obediently turned around. He got in one good bite before Lucius made him disappear. Now bleeding, Lucius looked furious.

>
 Before Lucius could get a second spell in, I called out mine. "Mobilus Corpus!" I shouted. Lucius rose into the air, and I directed him straight into a tree. As he could not spell for a few moments, I took another turn.

>
 "Silencios!" I called. Lucius would not be able to speak for five seconds. I needed another spell. Suddenly, I knew what I could do.

>
 "Petrificus Totalus!" I cried with all my might. Lucius' arms and legs snapped to his sides and he lay on the ground. I ran over.

>
 I looked into his eyes, and shuddered. His eyes were not cold and steely. They seethed with anger and hate. They fairly pulsed with it. But the thing that scared me most was the resignation. He knew he was going to die. I decided that he wouldn't.

>
 Softly, I cast the last spell. "Friendlius."

>
 Lucius did something unexpected. His body rose into the air. He swelled up. He changed colors, going through every color you could think of. I heard voices coming from him, yelling, screaming. I heard crying and hurt. I knew I was listening to his childhood.

>
 Suddenly, he exploded. He just popped. I stared, disbelieving. Hermione came running over.

>
 "What happened? What spell was that?" she asked.

>
 "A friend spell. He was supposed to be friendly for a day. I was going to put him in Azkaban." I still stared at where Lucius had been.

>
 "It just went against all the brainwashing he recieved as a child. It was too much for him," Hermione murmured. "I don't hate him anymore. I pity him."

>

>
 Hermione and I were happily married, and we now have a little girl named 'Lily'. I recieved the Dumbledore Medal for Bravery. I was the first person to ever get it. I set it on the memorial Hermione and I set out for Lucius.

>
 Author's note: the story is done! Yay! Wadja think? you like?

End
file.